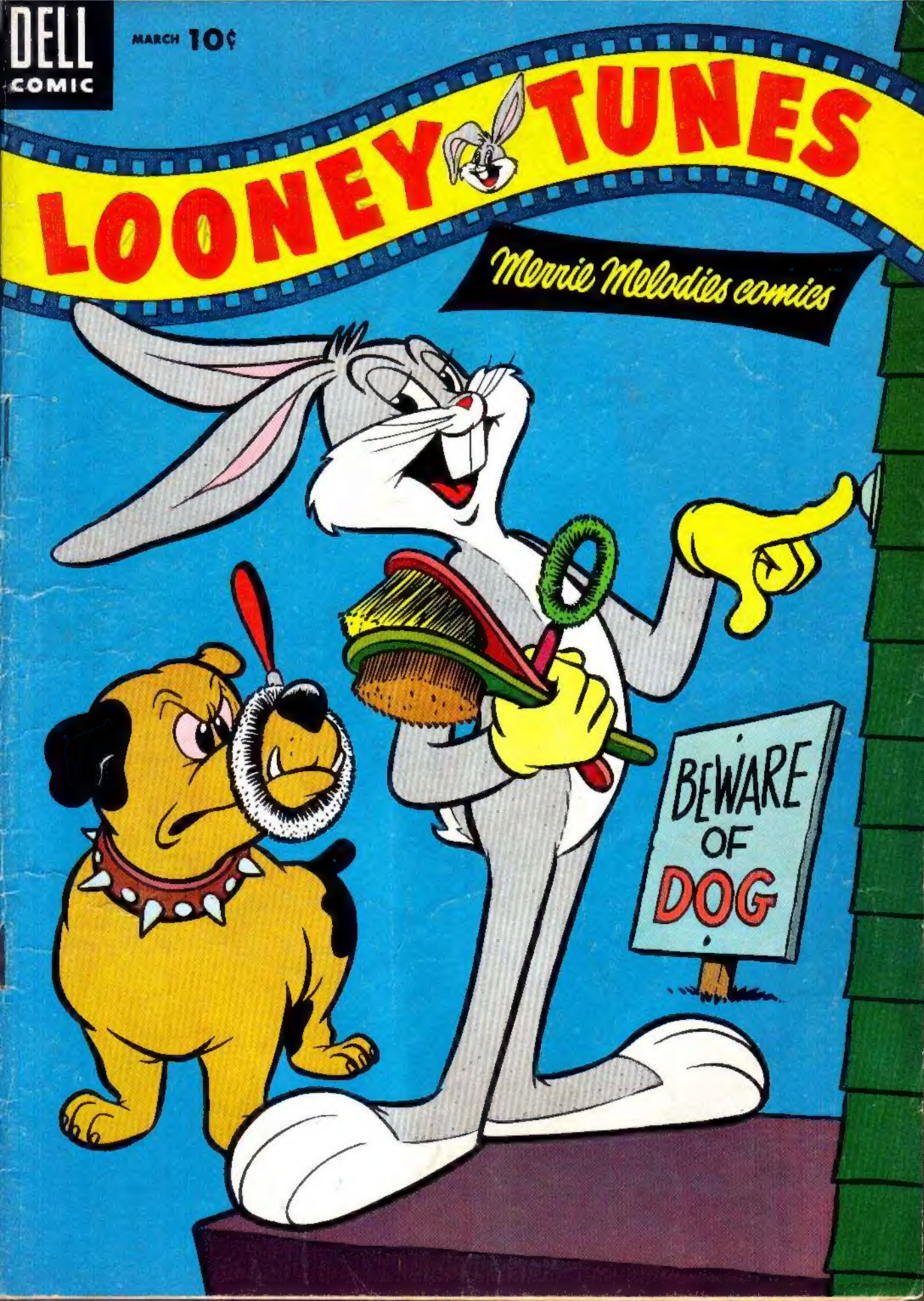
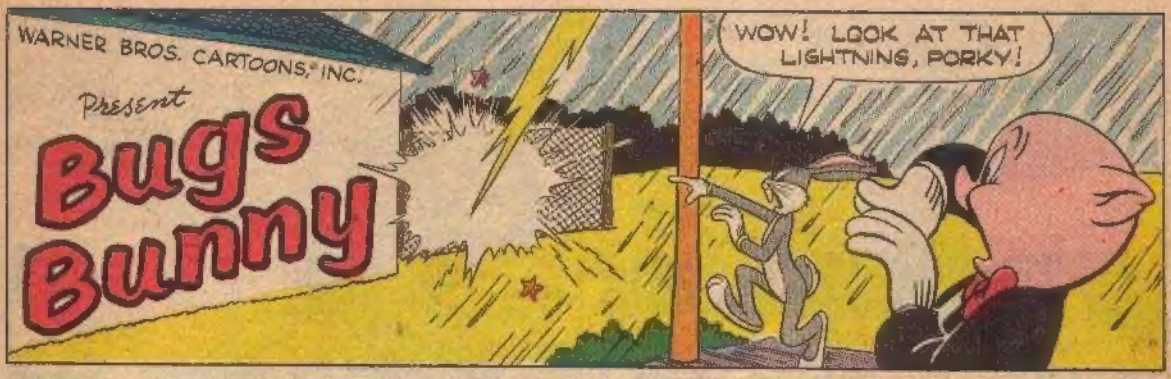
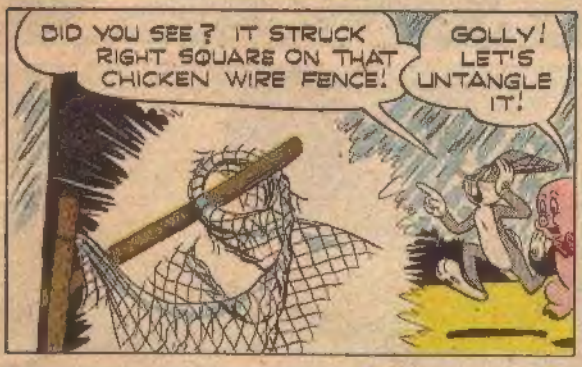
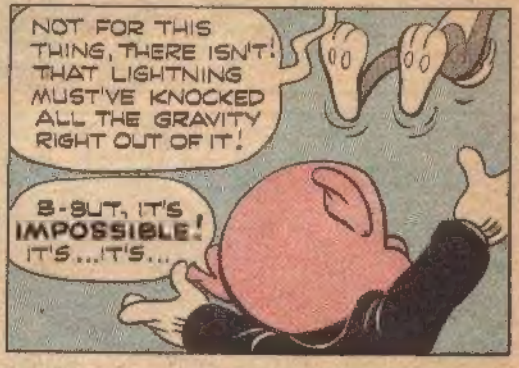

DELL
COMIC
MARCH 10¢
LOONEY TUNES
Merrie Melodies comics
BEWARE
OF
DOG

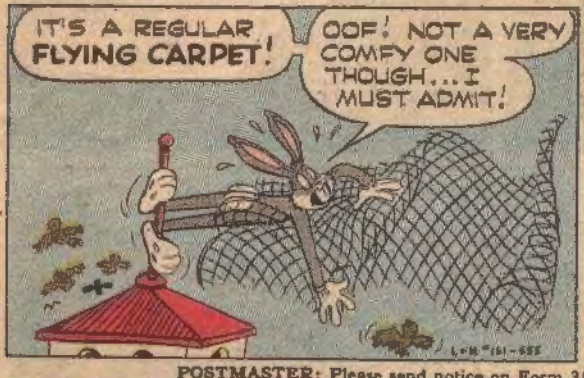
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

PRESENT
BUGS AND ELMER
RING! RING! RING!
THAT'S PWOBABLY ANOTHER PESKY SALESMAN! I WON'T ANSWER IT!
HE'S STOPPED WINGING! NOW I CAN WELAX!
ZZZZZZ!
ZZZZZZ!
WHAT'S THIS?
ZZZZZZ!
EEK!
CLUNK!
GREETINGS, CHUM! GOT SOMETHING HERE THAT'LL INTEREST YOU! TRY SOME OF THIS SNAZZY PLASTIC WOOD! GREAT FOR FIXIN' DOOR HOLES! ONLY ONE DOLLAR!
PLASTIC WOOD









...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, BUGS! NO WEIGHT! NO NOTHING! I...I NEVER HEARD OF LIGHTNING DOING THIS BEFORE!
IT'S TERRIFIC, PORKY! THIS GIVES ME IDEAS!

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LOONEY TUNES AND MERRIE MELODIES COMICS, No. 161, March, 1955. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Chicago advertising office, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Subscriptions in the U. S. A., $1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions $1.20 per year. Dell Subscription Service: 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y. Copyright, 1955, by Warner Bros. Cartoons, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world.

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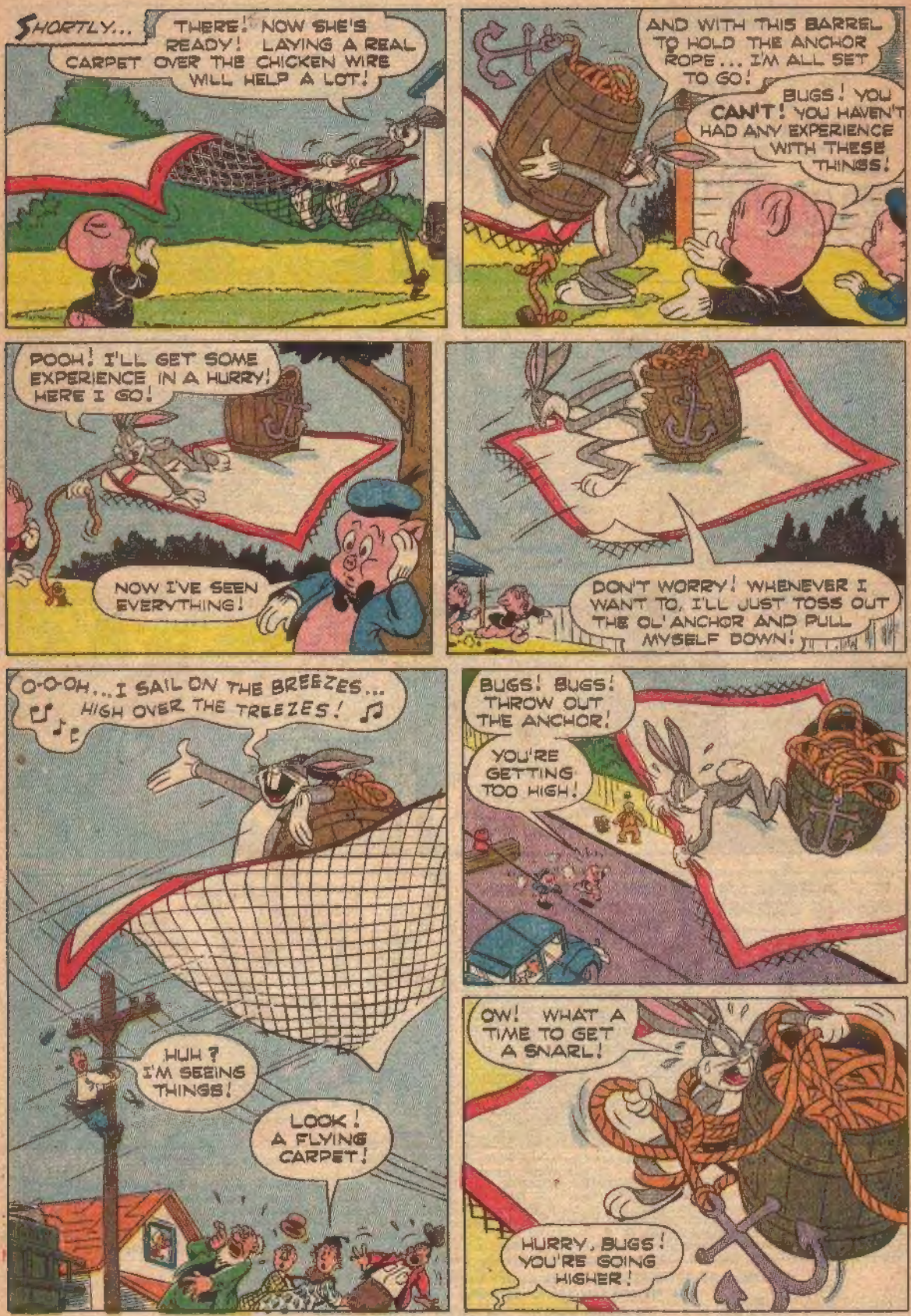
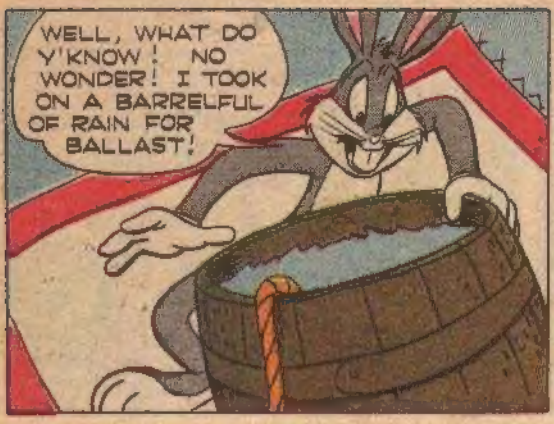
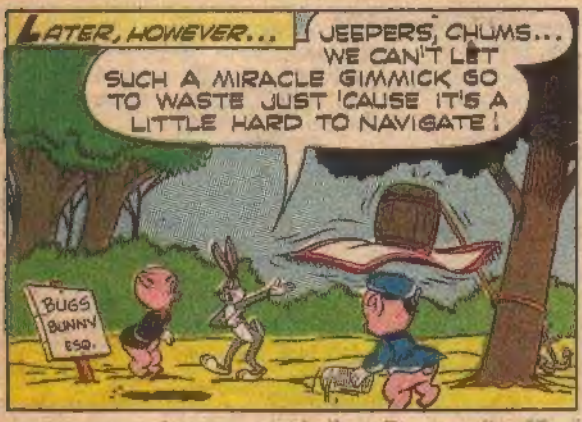
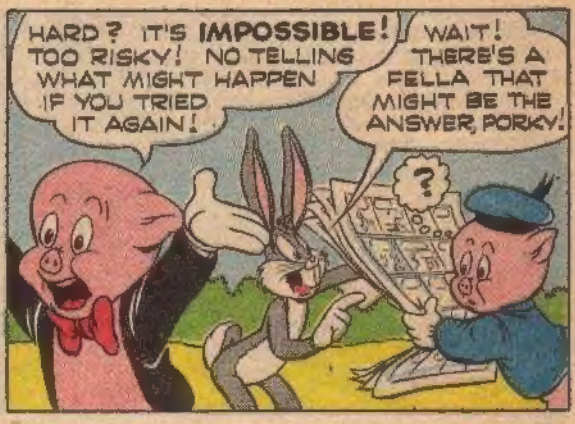

SHORTLY...
THERE! NOW SHE'S READY! LAYING A REAL CARPET OVER THE CHICKEN WIRE WILL HELP A LOT!
AND WITH THIS BARREL TO HOLD THE ANCHOR ROPE... I'M ALL SET TO GO!
BUGS! YOU CAN'T! YOU HAVEN'T HAD ANY EXPERIENCE WITH THESE THINGS!
POOH! I'LL GET SOME EXPERIENCE IN A HURRY! HERE I GO!
NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!
DON'T WORRY! WHENEVER I WANT TO, I'LL JUST TOSS OUT THE OL' ANCHOR AND PULL MYSELF DOWN!
O-O-OH... I SAIL ON THE BREEZES... HIGH OVER THE TREEZES!
HUH? I'M SEEING THINGS!
LOOK! A FLYING CARPET!
BUGS! BUGS! THROW OUT THE ANCHOR!
YOU'RE GETTING TOO HIGH!
OW! WHAT A TIME TO GET A SNARL!
HURRY, BUGS! YOU'RE GOING HIGHER!

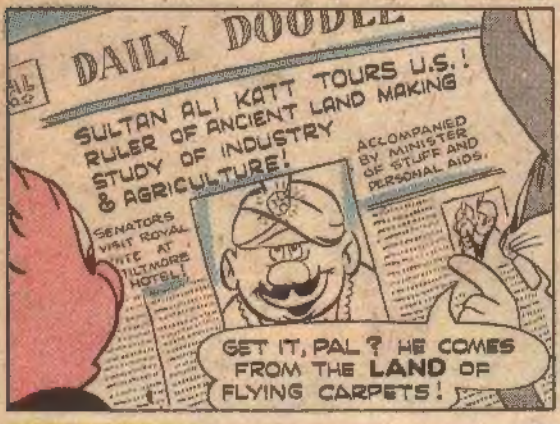
OH, ME! AT TIMES LIKE THIS, I'M ALL THUMBS!
AH! AT LAST! JUST TIME TO HOOK ONTO SOMETHING!
YI-I-I! MISSED IT!
NEXT TIME TAKE THE TRAIN!
O-O-OH! NOW I AM DONE FOR! WITHOUT ANY GRAVITY IN THIS THING, I'LL FLOAT RIGHT OFF INTO STRADDLESPHERE!
CICERO! THE AIRPORT!
MISTER! START YOUR MOTOR! OUR FRIEND IS SAILING OFF ON A FLYING CARPET!
IT'S RUNNING AWAY WITH HIM!
WHAT'S DOING WHAT?
THE FLYING CARPET! LOOK... IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US!
FLYING CARPET! OH, BROTHER! I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO PLAY GAMES, KIDS!
BUT...
IF THERE'S A FLYING CARPET UP THERE, I'LL EAT IT!
OH, GOLLY! HE MUST'VE DISAPPEARED IN THE CLOUDS!
RIGHT! AND BUGS STRIKES THE WETTEST CLOUD IN THE SKY...
(BLUB! GLUB!) OH, ME! WHAT A SOGGY WAY TO SAIL OFF INTO SPACE!
BUT THEN...
HUH? I'M... I'M GOING DOWN!

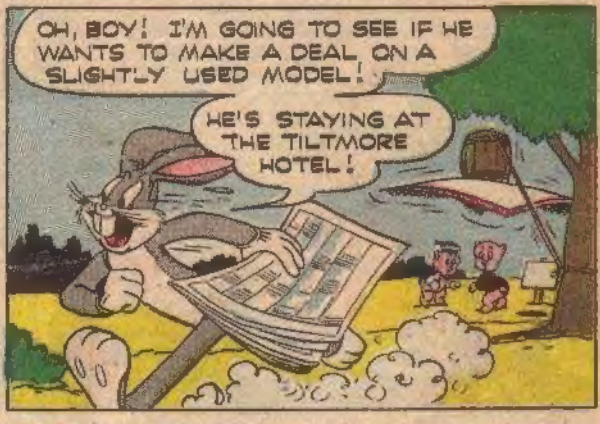

WELL, WHAT DO Y'KNOW! NO WONDER! I TOOK ON A BARRELFUL OF RAIN FOR BALLAST!

SO, BACK TO EARTH...
GOLLY! IT'S LUCKY WE SPOTTED YOUR LANDING, BUGS!

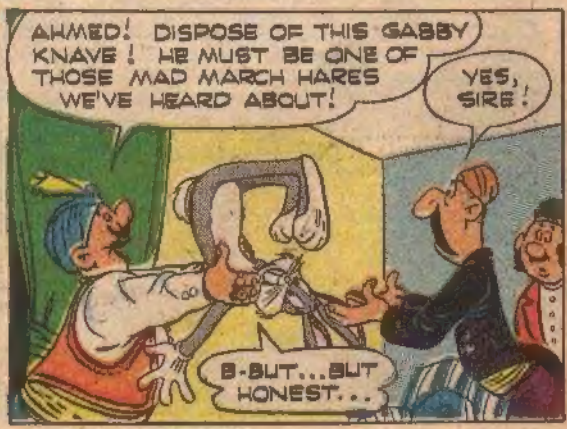

LATER, HOWEVER...
JEEPERS, CHUMS... WE CAN'T LET SUCH A MIRACLE GIMMICK GO TO WASTE JUST 'CAUSE IT'S A LITTLE HARD TO NAVIGATE!
BUGS BUNNY ESQ.

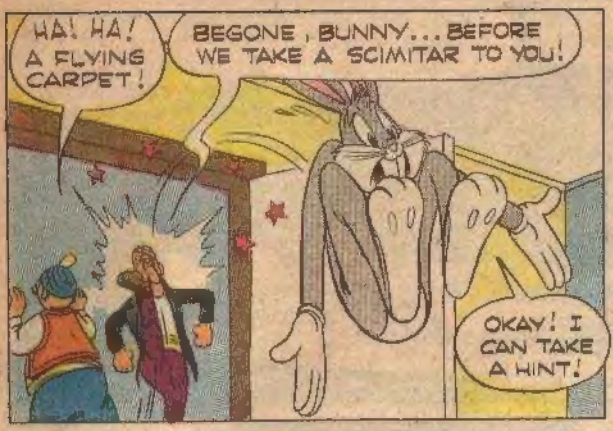

HARD? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! TOO RISKY! NO TELLING WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF YOU TRIED IT AGAIN!
WAIT! THERE'S A FELLA THAT MIGHT BE THE ANSWER, PORKY!
?

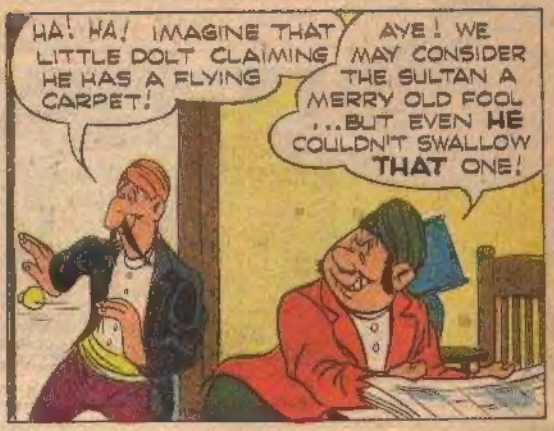

DAILY DOODLE
SULTAN ALI KATT TOURS U.S.! RULER OF ANCIENT LAND MAKING STUDY OF INDUSTRY & AGRICULTURE!
ACCOMPANIED BY MINISTER OF STUFF AND PERSONAL AIDS.
SENATORS VISIT ROYAL NITE AT TILTMORE HOTEL!
GET IT, PAL? HE COMES FROM THE LAND OF FLYING CARPETS!


OH, BOY! I'M GOING TO SEE IF HE WANTS TO MAKE A DEAL ON A SLIGHTLY USED MODEL!
HE'S STAYING AT THE TILTMORE HOTEL!

SHORTLY...
A FLYING CARPET? HA! HA! WHAT'S THIS? MORE TALES OF THE OLD ARABIAN NIGHTS?
IT'S THE TRUTH, DOC! I'VE GOT A REAL RACY RUG!


AHMED! DISPOSE OF THIS GABBY KNAVE! HE MUST BE ONE OF THOSE MAD MARCH HARES WE'VE HEARD ABOUT!
YES, SIRE!
B-BUT...BUT HONEST...


HA! HA! A FLYING CARPET!
BEGONE, BUNNY... BEFORE WE TAKE A SCIMITAR TO YOU!
OKAY! I CAN TAKE A HINT!

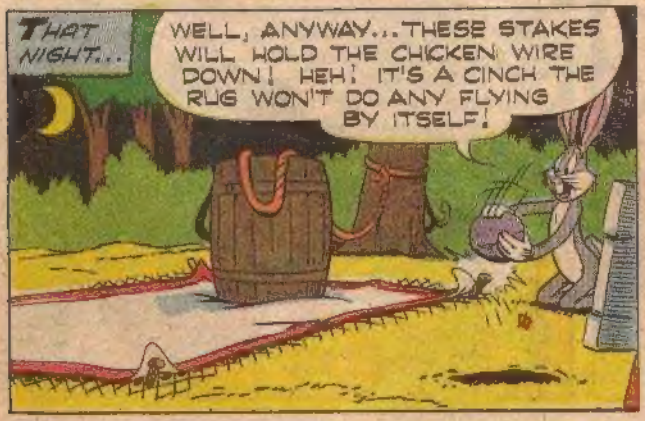

HA! HA! IMAGINE THAT LITTLE DOLT CLAIMING HE HAS A FLYING CARPET!
AYE! WE MAY CONSIDER THE SULTAN A MERRY OLD FOOL ...BUT EVEN HE COULDN'T SWALLOW THAT ONE!

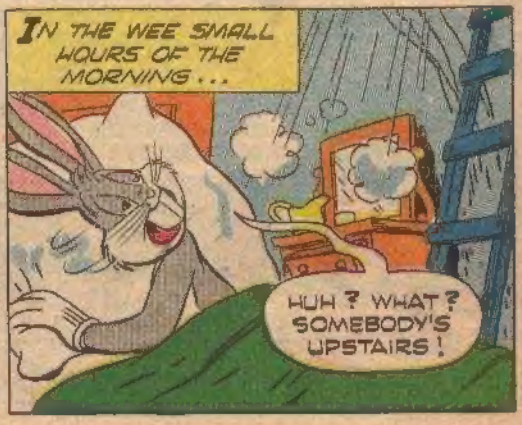
AHMED! AHMED! WHAT THE RABBIT SAYS IS... TRUE!
LOOK!

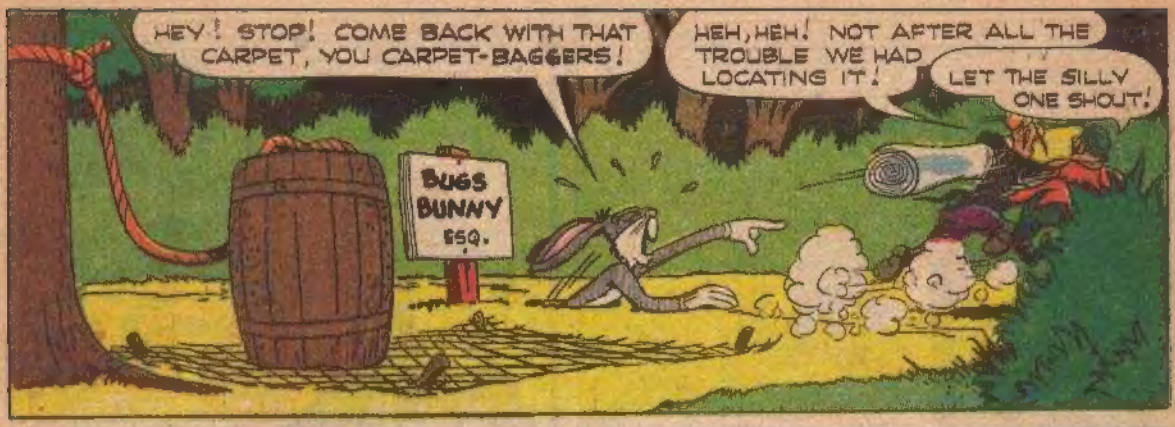
FLYING CARPET
AMAZES CITY!
NO DETAILS YET AVAILABLE
"I SAW IT"
"ME, TOO" SAYS D. DIX
SAYS WORKER!
A REAL FLYING CARPET! BAJI, THIS MAY BE OUR BIG CHANCE!

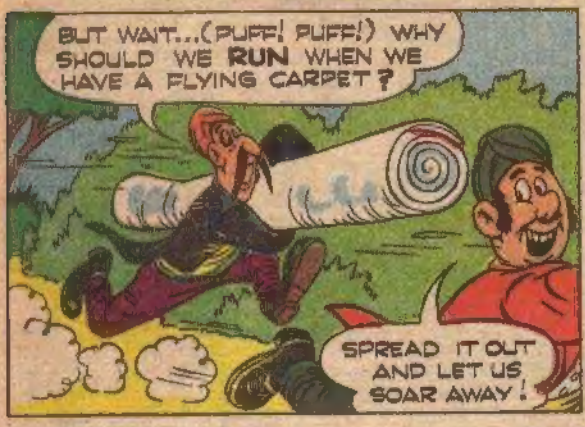
IF WE RETURNED TO SOORABIA WITH SUCH A MIRACLE-RUG... WE WOULD BE THE GREATEST FIGURES OF THE LAND!
OF COURSE! AND THEN WE COULD INDEED SEIZE OUR SILLY SULTAN'S THRONE AS WE HAVE PLANNED!

COME! WE MUST FIND THAT RABBIT... AND GET THAT WONDROUS CARPET!


THAT NIGHT...
WELL, ANYWAY... THESE STAKES WILL HOLD THE CHICKEN WIRE DOWN! HEH! IT'S A CINCH THE RUG WON'T DO ANY FLYING BY ITSELF!


IN THE WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING...
HUH? WHAT? SOMEBODY'S UPSTAIRS!


HEY! STOP! COME BACK WITH THAT CARPET, YOU CARPET-BAGGERS!
HEH, HEH! NOT AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE WE HAD LOCATING IT!
LET THE SILLY ONE SHOUT!
BUGS BUNNY ESQ.


BUT WAIT...(PUFF! PUFF!) WHY SHOULD WE RUN WHEN WE HAVE A FLYING CARPET?
SPREAD IT OUT AND LET US SOAR AWAY!

OOF!
UP, AHMED! UP!

O-OH! WE'RE DEFINITELY NOT GETTING ANY ALTITUDE!
HEH, HEH! NO WONDER! THEY DIDN'T TAKE THE CHICKEN WIRE! THAT'S WHERE ALL THE FLYING POWER IS!

AHA! SO THERE YOU ARE, KNAVE!
SPEAK! TELL US THE MAGIC WORDS THAT MAKE THIS CARPET RISE IN FLIGHT!

THERE MUST BE SOME WORDS YOU SAY!
I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WORDS, CHUMS! THE IDEA! YOUR PHONY SULTAN, PRETENDING HE WASN'T INTERESTED... AND THEN HE SENDS YOU RUG-ROBBERS AROUND!

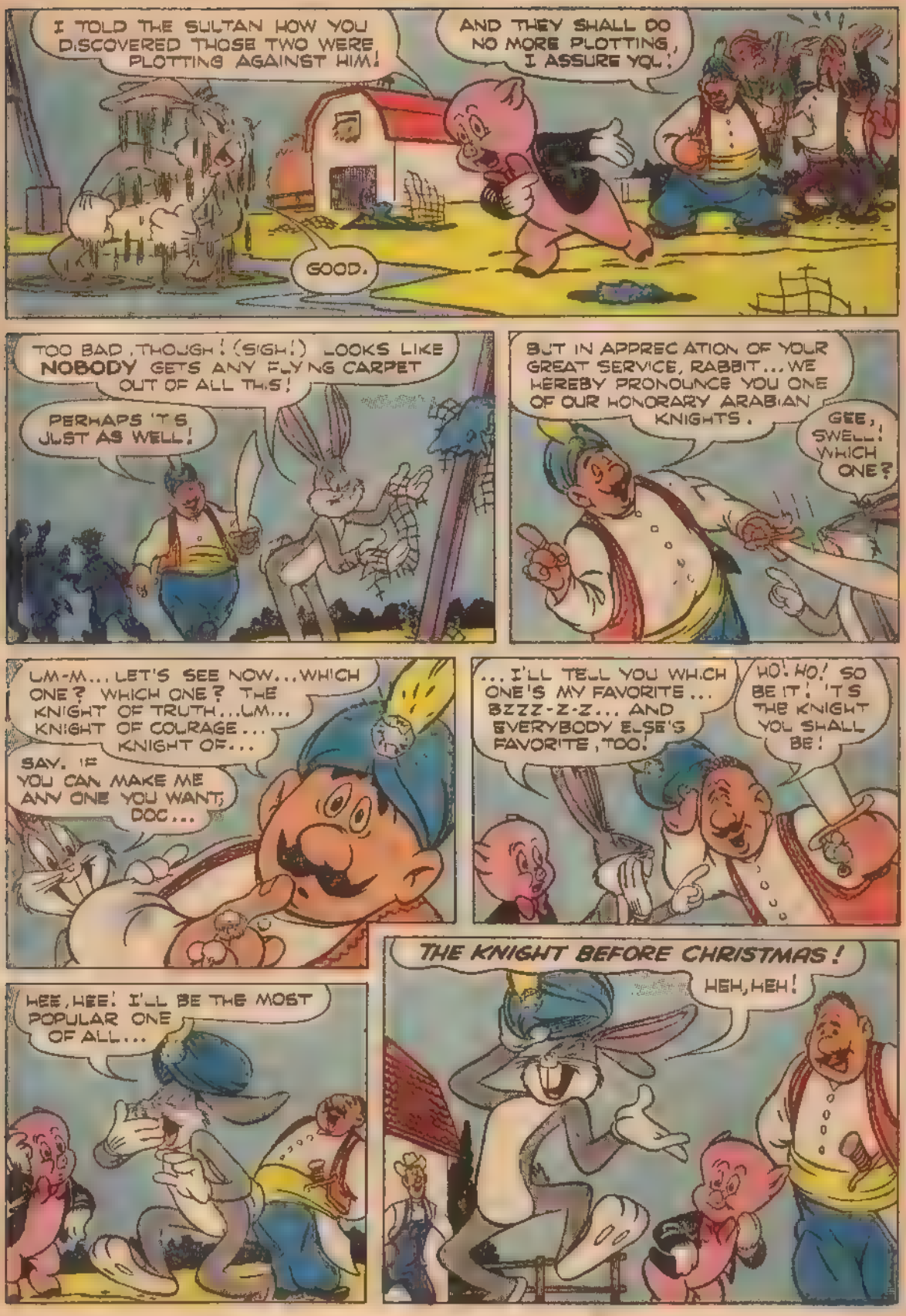
BAH! THE SULTAN! HE WON'T BE SULTAN LONG... WHEN WE RETURN TO SOORABIA WITH A FLYING CARPET!
EVERYONE WILL ACCLAIM US!

SO THAT'S IT! YOU TWO SNAKES IN THE BULLRUSHES ARE FIGURING ON TAKING OVER THE SULTAN'S JOB! IT'S A PLOT!
ENOUGH OF THIS CHATTER! GIVE US THE MAGIC WORDS!
HMMM...OKAY! PULL THE RUG OVER THIS WAY A BIT AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE...HEH... SPECIAL MAGIC PHRASE THAT'LL GET RESULTS!
FINE!
KEEP OUT
IT'S CARROTS! CARROTS! H'RAY! I JUST LOVE ELMER FUDD'S CARROTS!
HUH? THAT'S MAGIC!?
BOOM! BOOM!
YEP! AND JUST THE KIND OF INTERRUPTION I WAS HOPING FOR!
STOP! STOP!
WHY ARE YOU SHOOTING AT US, YOU FIEND?
WHY...I...I THOUGHT YOU WERE A CERTAIN WABBIT I ALWAYS SHOOT AT!
THE RABBIT! THAT'S RIGHT! WE MUST KEEP HIM FROM TELLING THE SULTAN OF OUR SINISTER PLOT!
GOOD GWIEF! THAT WABBIT ASSOCIATES WITH THE STWANGEST PEOPLE!
BUT BUGS HAS ARRIVED AT THE SULTAN'S HOTEL...
THE SULTAN? OH, NO... HE LEFT QUITE EARLY... FOR A DAY AT FUNNYBROOK FARMS!
HE WANTED TO SPEND A DAY ON A TYPICAL AMERICAN FARM, YOU KNOW!
(ULP!) NO... I DIDN'T KNOW! BUT I'LL BET THOSE CROOKED FLUNKIES ARE HEADING OUT THERE!

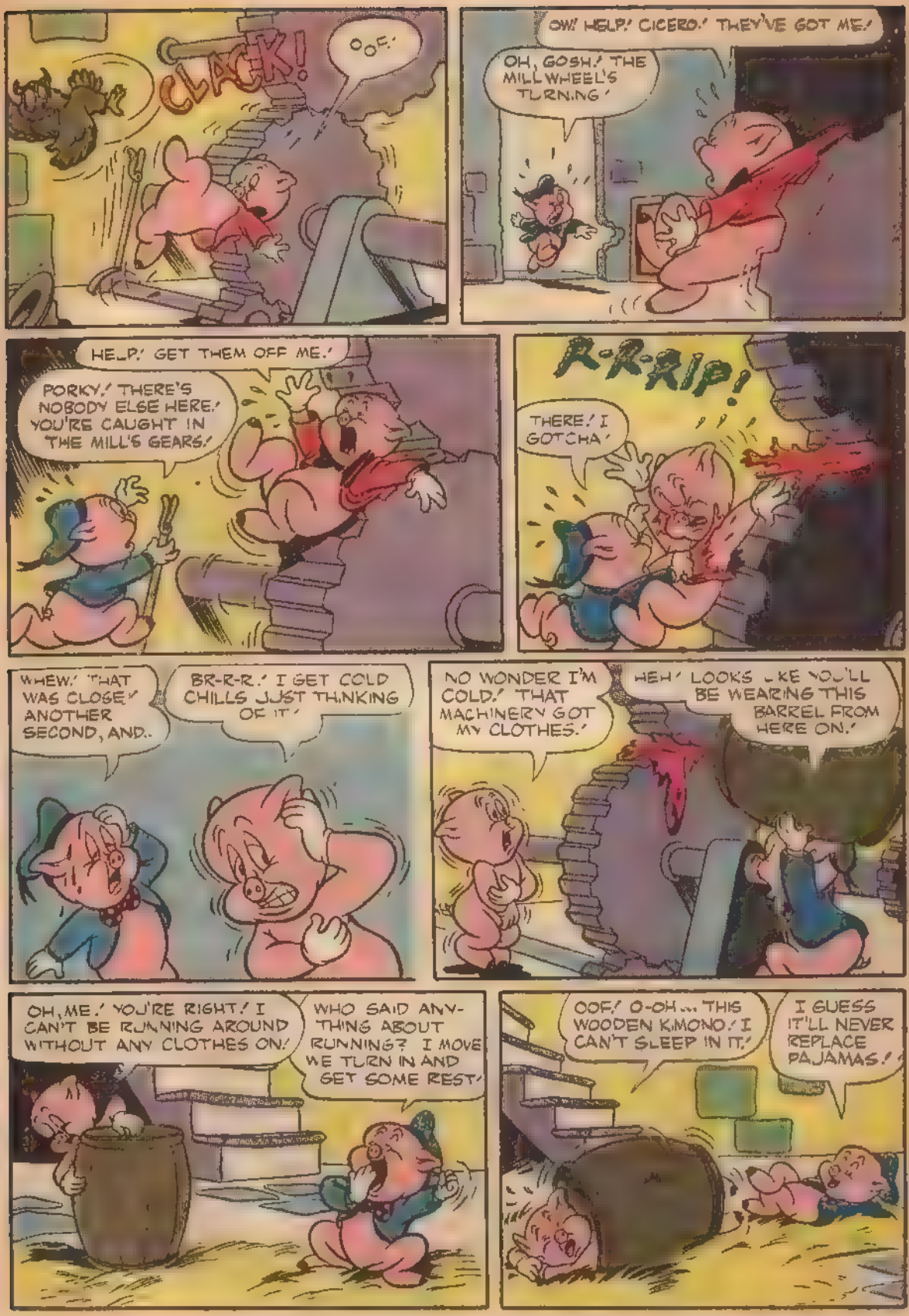
PORKY! PORKY! YOU'VE GOT TO LEND ME ANOTHER CARPET TO PAD MY FLYING CHICKEN WIRE!
OH, NO, BUGS! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TRY IT AGAIN!
GOT TO, PAL! IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN BE SURE OF GETTING OUT TO FUNNYBROOK FARMS IN TIME TO WARN THE SULTAN HIS GOOSE IS GETTING COOKED!
BUT... (TUT! TUT!) WE CAN DISCUSS IT ON THE WAY!
NOW WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO SAY?
(GULP!) I WAS GOING TO SAY NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD COME UP ON THIS THING!
THANKS TO A GOOD TAIL WIND AND JUST ENOUGH BALLAST, THE BOYS SOON REACH FUNNYBROOK FARMS!
THERE IT IS, PORKY! AND I CAN SEE THE SULTAN!
BUGS! THERE'S A BIG BLACK CAR SPEEDING UP THE ROAD!
SULTAN! SULTAN! I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU!
THE RABBIT!
AGH! AHMED, WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT HIM!
NO! SHOTS AROUSE SUSPICIONS! THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY TO SILENCE THAT RABBIT!
AHMED! TOMATOES!

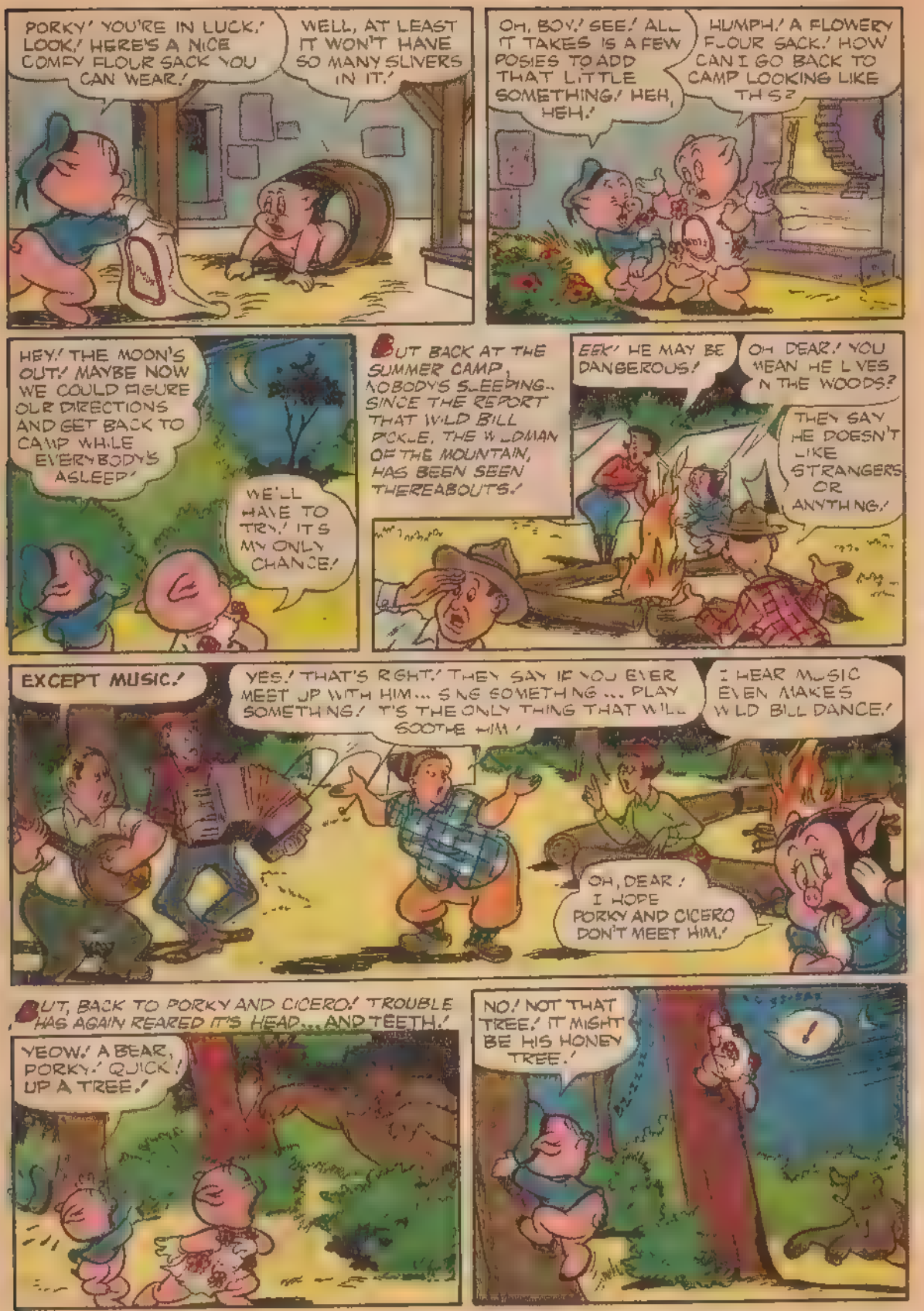
SULTAN! THOSE FLUNKIES OF YOURS ARE...
SPLAT!
JUST INNOCENT FUN, SIRE!
WHEE! I LOVE A PLAYFUL GAME OF TOSSING TOMATOES!
SPLAT!
-GLUB:-
PUT A ROCK IN YOUR NEXT ONE!
SO-O! THE SKULLDUGGERY TWINS!
WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY THEY WANNA PLAY, WE'LL TAKE 'EM ON.
BRING US OVER THE TARGET, PORKY!
WE'RE COMING IN, BUGS.
ON TARGET!
BOMBS AWAY!
?
SPLAT! SPLAT!
HO! HO! QUITE A SHOW, LADS! MY THANKS TO YOU ALL!
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, SIRE.
STARTING NOW, WE'RE RABBIT HUNTERS!

BUGS! THEY'RE SHOOTING!
BAM! BAM!
OW! THEY PLUGGED OUR BALLAST!
I CAN'T GET US UNDER CONTROL, BUGS!
HOLD ON, CHUM!
BAM!
I GOT EM!
HEY! DON'T ROCK THE BOAT!
WELL, I WARNED HM!
BUGS! LOOK OUT! THE WINDMILL!
AIEE-EE!
KER-RUNK!
OW! ABANDON SH P!
I'M JUST LUCKY THERE WAS A POND TO DIVE IN!
PLURK!
OOF!
OH, ME! DID YOU EVER HAVE DAYS LKE THIS?
BUGS! THANK GOODNESS YOU RE ALL RIGHT!


I TOLD THE SULTAN HOW YOU DISCOVERED THOSE TWO WERE PLOTTING AGAINST HIM!
AND THEY SHALL DO NO MORE PLOTTING, I ASSURE YOU!
GOOD.
TOO BAD, THOUGH! (SIGH!) LOOKS LIKE NOBODY GETS ANY FLYING CARPET OUT OF ALL THIS!
PERHAPS 'T IS JUST AS WELL!
BUT IN APPRECIATION OF YOUR GREAT SERVICE, RABBIT... WE HEREBY PRONOUNCE YOU ONE OF OUR HONORARY ARABIAN KNIGHTS.
GEE, SWELL! WHICH ONE?
UM-M... LET'S SEE NOW... WHICH ONE? WHICH ONE? THE KNIGHT OF TRUTH... UM... KNIGHT OF COURAGE... KNIGHT OF...
SAY, IF YOU CAN MAKE ME ANY ONE YOU WANT, DOC...
...I'LL TELL YOU WHICH ONE'S MY FAVORITE... BZZZ-Z-Z... AND EVERYBODY ELSE'S FAVORITE, TOO!
HO! HO! SO BE IT! 'T'S THE KNIGHT YOU SHALL BE!
THE KNIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!
HEH, HEH!
HEE, HEE! I'LL BE THE MOST POPULAR ONE OF ALL...

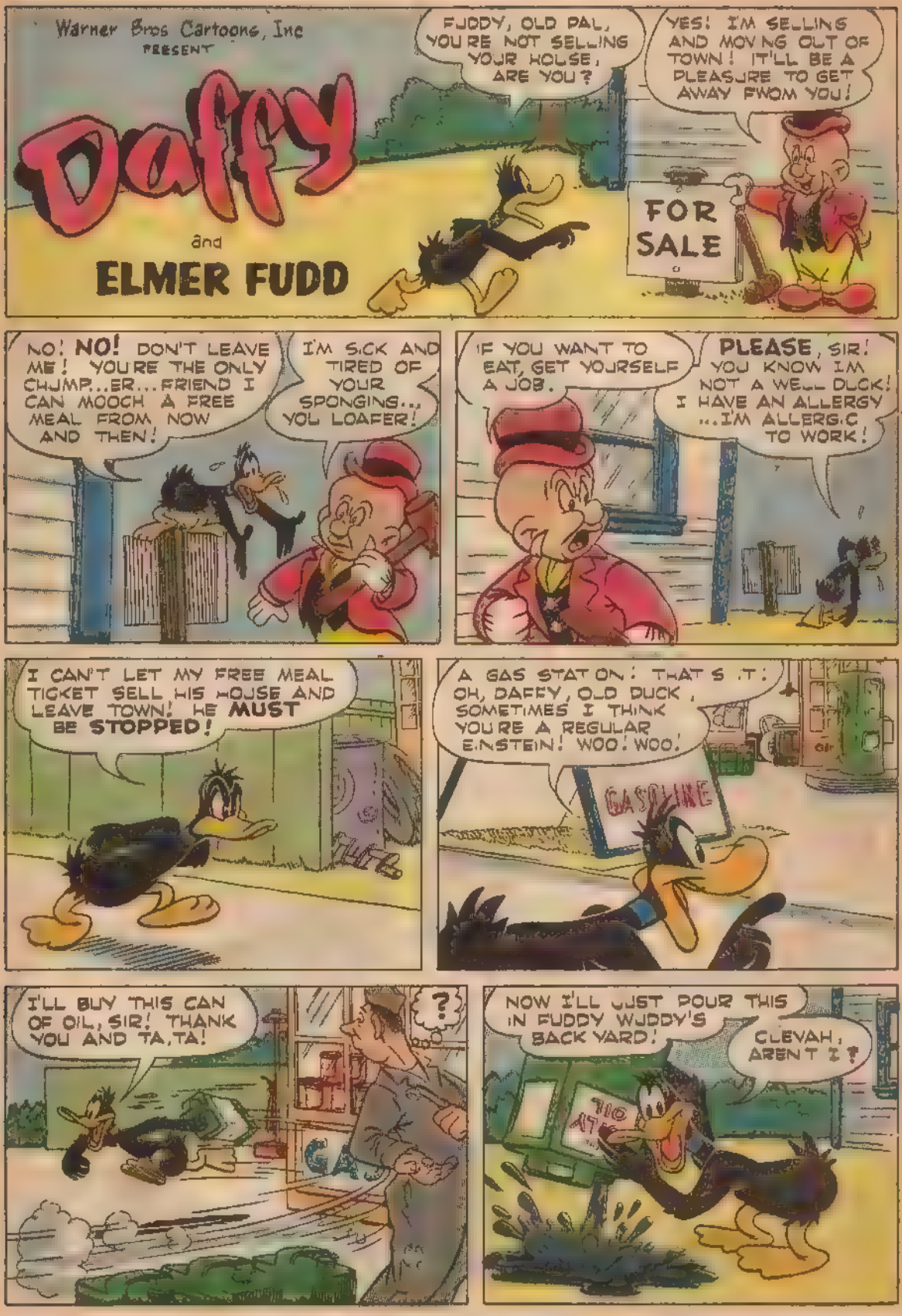
WARNER BROS. PRESENT
PORKY PIG
OH, BOY! THIS IS THE LIFE! WHEN I TAKE A HIKE... I BELIEVE IN DOING IT RIGHT!
OKAY, DANIEL BOONE! IT'S GETTING LATE! WE'D BETTER BE HEADING BACK TO CAMP!
I'D HATE TO BE LOST IN THESE WOODS AT NIGHT!
HA! LOST? NOT WITH PIONEER PORKY BLAZING THE TRAIL!
HOURS LATER.
SOMEBODY MUST'VE CHANGED THE WOODS, CICERO! I GUESS WE'RE SORT OF LOST AFTER ALL!
LOOK! AN OLD MILL! MAYBE WE CAN PUT UP THERE FOR THE NIGHT!
GOLLY! IT'S A SPOOKY-LOOKING PLACE!
DON'T WORRY, PORKY! I'LL STAND GUARD OUT HERE WHILE YOU GO IN AND SEE IF EVERYTHINGS OKAY!
OH, THANKS!
(GULP!) ANYBODY HERE?
?
WHOO-OO?
YEOW!


CLACK!
OOF!
OW! HELP! CICERO! THEY'VE GOT ME!
OH, GOSH! THE MILL WHEEL'S TURNING!
HELP! GET THEM OFF ME!
PORKY! THERE'S NOBODY ELSE HERE! YOU'RE CAUGHT IN THE MILL'S GEARS!
R-R-RIP!
THERE! I GOTCHA!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! ANOTHER SECOND, AND..
BR-R-R! I GET COLD CHILLS JUST THINKING OF IT!
NO WONDER I'M COLD! THAT MACHINERY GOT MY CLOTHES!
HEH! LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL BE WEARING THIS BARREL FROM HERE ON!
OH, ME! YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN'T BE RUNNING AROUND WITHOUT ANY CLOTHES ON!
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT RUNNING? I MOVE WE TURN IN AND GET SOME REST!
OOF! O-OH... THIS WOODEN KIMONO! I CAN'T SLEEP IN IT!
I GUESS IT'LL NEVER REPLACE PAJAMAS!


PORKY! YOU'RE IN LUCK! LOOK! HERE'S A NICE COMFY FLOUR SACK YOU CAN WEAR!
WELL, AT LEAST IT WON'T HAVE SO MANY SLIVERS IN IT!
OH, BOY! SEE! ALL IT TAKES IS A FEW POSIES TO ADD THAT LITTLE SOMETHING! HEH, HEH!
HUMPH! A FLOWERY FLOUR SACK! HOW CAN I GO BACK TO CAMP LOOKING LIKE THIS?
HEY! THE MOON'S OUT! MAYBE NOW WE COULD FIGURE OUR DIRECTIONS AND GET BACK TO CAMP WHILE EVERYBODY'S ASLEEP!
WE'LL HAVE TO TRY! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
BUT BACK AT THE SUMMER CAMP, NOBODY'S SLEEPING.. SINCE THE REPORT THAT WILD BILL PICKLE, THE WILDMAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, HAS BEEN SEEN THEREABOUTS!
EEK! HE MAY BE DANGEROUS!
OH DEAR! YOU MEAN HE LIVES IN THE WOODS?
THEY SAY HE DOESN'T LIKE STRANGERS OR ANYTHING!
EXCEPT MUSIC!
YES! THAT'S RIGHT! THEY SAY IF YOU EVER MEET UP WITH HIM... SING SOMETHING... PLAY SOMETHING! IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT WILL SOOTHE HIM!
I HEAR MUSIC EVEN MAKES WILD BILL DANCE!
OH, DEAR! I HOPE PORKY AND CICERO DON'T MEET HIM!
BUT, BACK TO PORKY AND CICERO! TROUBLE HAS AGAIN REARED IT'S HEAD... AND TEETH!
YEOW! A BEAR, PORKY! QUICK! UP A TREE!
NO! NOT THAT TREE! IT MIGHT BE HIS HONEY TREE!

(SPLUT.')(SPLUT.') NOW HE TELLS ME.'
OOF.'
RUN, CICERO.' THE BEES KEEP COMING.'
NO WONDER.'
YOU'RE SO SWEET.'
H'RAY.' AT LAST.' THE CAMP.'
BUT EVERYBODY'S STILL AWAKE... AND LOOK AT ME... I'M A STICKY MESS.'
EEK!
LOOK OUT.' IT'S WILD BILL'
?
PLAY.' SING.' BEFORE HE GETS VIOLENT.'
MI-I-I-
OH, MY DARLING' OH, MY DARLING' OH, MY DAR-R-R-RLING TURPENTINE.'
?
PORKY.' THEY DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU.' THEY THINK YOU'RE WILD BILL PICKLE.' AND IF YOU WANNA KEEP 'EM FOOLED.. YOU BETTER START DANCING.'

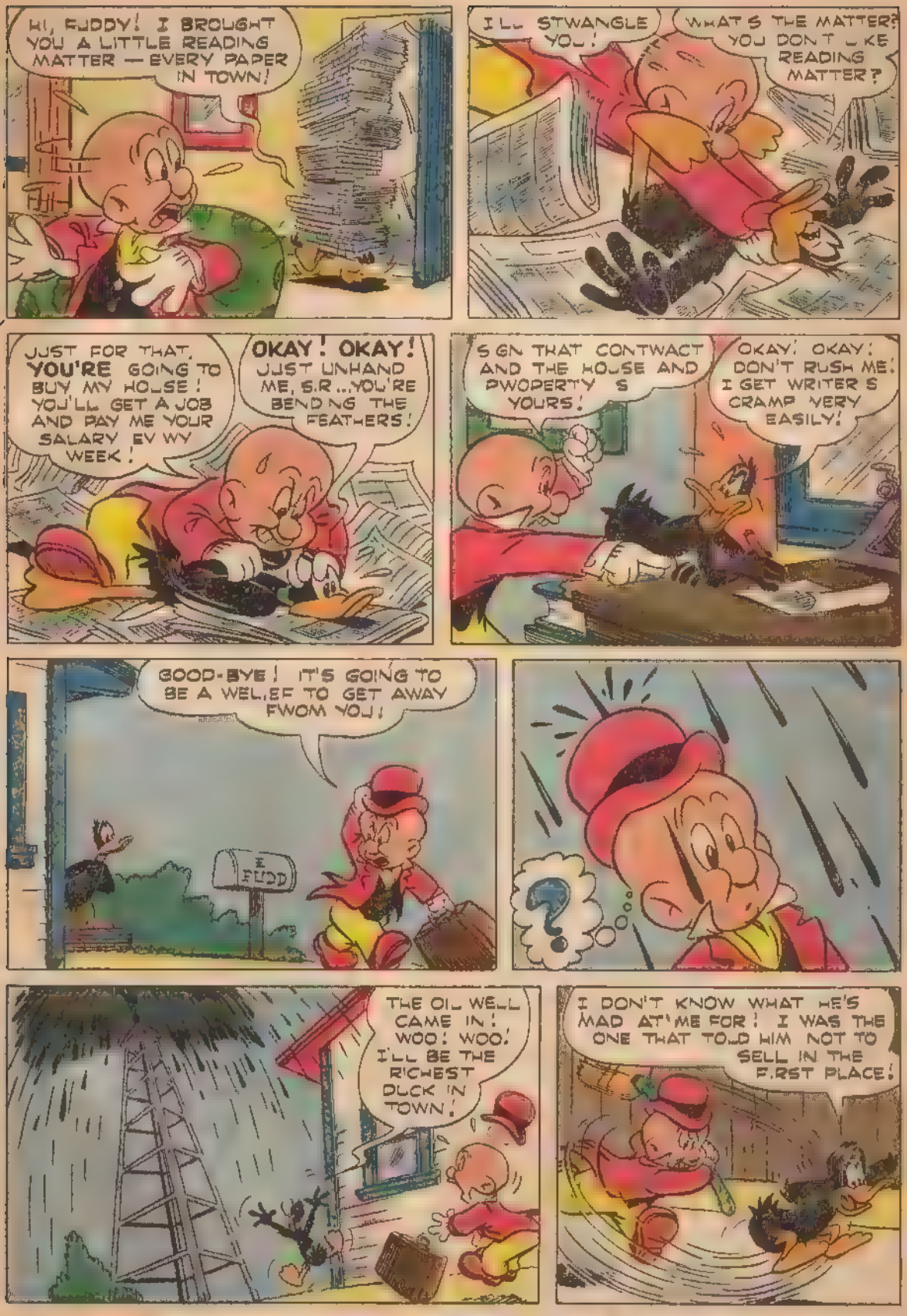
PONY BOY! PONY BOY! WON'T YOU BE MY HORSEY BOY...
♫
IF I CAN JUST MANAGE TO SLIP AROUND TO MY TENT...
?
WAIT! THERE'S WILD BILL!
WHY... HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'D BE DANGEROUS... EVEN WITHOUT MUSIC!
BUT IF THE BIG ONE IS WILD BILL.. WHO'S SHORTY THERE?
PORKY PIG!
HELLO PETUNIA!
HA, HA! IT'S PORKY PIG!
HE'S TRYING TO STEAL WILD BILL'S STUFF!
OH PORKY PIG! WHATEVER POSSESSED YOU? THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING!
BUT, PETUNIA... I DIDN'T WANT TO DRESS LIKE THIS! I DIDN'T MEAN TO! I COULDN'T HELP IT!
I... I...
I LOST MY CLOTHES... HONEST!
WHOA! SIMMER DOWN, PORKY! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF WHEN YOU CAN BEAT OUT AN OLD HAND LIKE WILD BILL!
HUH? BEAT?
YEP! IT'S JUST LIKE YOU SAID! WHEN YOU DO A THING, DO IT RIGHT... HEH... AND THIS TIME, YOU SURE DID!
HEH! THE FOLKS JUST VOTED YOU THE WILD MAN MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED!

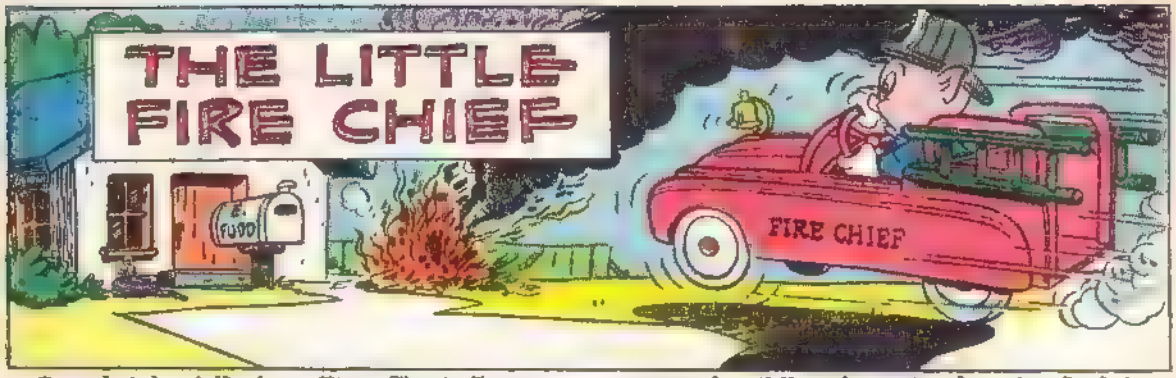

Warner Bros Cartoons, Inc
PRESENT
Daffy
and
ELMER FUDD
FUDDY, OLD PAL, YOU'RE NOT SELLING YOUR HOUSE, ARE YOU?
YES! I'M SELLING AND MOVING OUT OF TOWN! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO GET AWAY FROM YOU!
FOR SALE
NO! NO! DON'T LEAVE ME! YOU'RE THE ONLY CHUMP...ER...FRIEND I CAN MOOCH A FREE MEAL FROM NOW AND THEN!
I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR SPONGING... YOU LOAFER!
IF YOU WANT TO EAT, GET YOURSELF A JOB.
PLEASE, SIR! YOU KNOW I'M NOT A WELL DUCK! I HAVE AN ALLERGY ...I'M ALLERGIC TO WORK!
I CAN'T LET MY FREE MEAL TICKET SELL HIS HOUSE AND LEAVE TOWN! HE MUST BE STOPPED!
A GAS STATION! THAT'S IT! OH, DAFFY, OLD DUCK, SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE A REGULAR EINSTEIN! WOO! WOO!
GASOLINE
I'LL BUY THIS CAN OF OIL, SIR! THANK YOU AND TA,TA!
?
NOW I'LL JUST POUR THIS IN FUDDY WUDDY'S BACK YARD!
CLEVAH, AREN'T I?

NOW TO DITCH THE OIL CAN AND GET BILLIARD-HEAD OUT HERE!
WAIT UNTIL YOU FOCUS YOUR BIG BLUE OPTICS ON WHAT I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU!
?
TAKE A GANDER AT THAT!
IT'S OIL! ON MY PWOPERTY! I'LL BE WICH!
YOU'RE FILTHY RICH, ALREADY, PAL!
AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, DAFFY! I'LL FEED YOU FOR THE WEST OF YOUR LIFE!
LET'S GET RID OF THIS SIGN AND GET THE BANQUET STARTED!
FOR SALE
BUT FIRST, I'M CALLING AN OIL DERRICK COMPANY!
OH, OH!
I WANT YOU TO COME OVER TOMORROW AND BUILD AN OIL DERRICK IN MY BACK YARD!
ER...AH... DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD WAIT A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE YOU START DRILLING...ER... SAY TEN OR TWENTY YEARS?
BUT THERE WAS NO STOPPING ELMER... HE HAD THE OIL FEVER...
THERE SHE IS! WE START DRILLING FOR OIL TOMORROW!

TOMORROW CAME, AND ANOTHER TOMORROW, AND ANOTHER...
WE'VE BEEN DWELLING FOR DAYS AND WE HAVEN'T STUCK OIL YET... I'M SO TIRED!
I'M HUNGRY.
I HAVE TO TAKE A WEST... OH, WERE'S A TIN CAN I CAN SIT DOWN ON!
YIPE! AND DOUBLE YIPE!
HUH? WHAT'S THIS? AN OIL CAN! THAT'S FUNNY! I DON'T WEMEMBER BUYING TH...
ER... I JUST REMEMBERED I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MY HAIRDRESSER!
THE OIL CO.
SO THAT'S IT! YOU TWICKED ME INTO NOT SELLING MY HOUSE, YOU SCOUNDWEL!
I'M GOING TO ADVERTISE ALL OVER TOWN THAT MY HOUSE IS FOR SALE AGAIN!
SUFFER N' SEAWEED! UNLESS I CAN STOP HIM, THERE GOES MY MEAL TICKET!
RADIO STATION XYZ
HMMMM... IT LOOKS LIKE OLD MARBLE-HEAD IS GOING TO ADVERTISE HIS HOUSE FOR SALE OVER THE RADIO!
AND NOW, FOLKS, MR. ELMER FUDD HAS A HOUSE FOR SALE HE WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT! GO AHEAD, MR. FUDD!
ON THE AIR
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A FEW HOURS OF SILENCE!
SNIP!

WELL, WELL... IT LOOKS LIKE FUDDY ISN'T THROUGH ADVERTISING YET!
SKY WRITING
HOUSE FOR SALE
161 E
HEH, HEH! THIS WILL BE DUCK SOUP FOR A DUCK LIKE ME!
HOUS
161
LE
OH, THAT DWATTED DUCK SPOILED MY SKYWRITING AD!
IF YOU SAY THE SECRET WORD, THE DUCK WILL COME DOWN AND GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG KISS!
GO AHEAD AND WISECWACK! I'LL GET THE LAST LAUGH! I ALSO PUT THE AD IN THE NEWSPAPERS!
OH, HE'S A SNEAKY ONE!
I'LL BUY ALL THE NEWSPAPERS YOU HAVE!
I'LL TAKE ALL YOU GOT!
?
DAILY BUGLE
DAILY BUGLE
GOLLY... THE PAPER HAS BEEN ON THE STREET FOR HOURS AND NOT ONE ANSWER TO MY AD!


HI, FUDDY! I BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE READING MATTER — EVERY PAPER IN TOWN!
I'LL STWANGLE YOU!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU DON'T LIKE READING MATTER?
JUST FOR THAT, YOU'RE GOING TO BUY MY HOUSE! YOU'LL GET A JOB AND PAY ME YOUR SALARY EV WY WEEK!
OKAY! OKAY! JUST UNHAND ME, S.R...YOU'RE BENDING THE FEATHERS!
SIGN THAT CONTWACT AND THE HOUSE AND PWOPERTY IS YOURS!
OKAY! OKAY! DON'T RUSH ME! I GET WRITER'S CRAMP VERY EASILY!
GOOD-BYE! IT'S GOING TO BE A WEL,EF TO GET AWAY FWOM YOU!
E FUDD
THE OIL WELL CAME IN! WOO! WOO! I'LL BE THE RICHEST DUCK IN TOWN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S MAD AT ME FOR! I WAS THE ONE THAT TOLD HIM NOT TO SELL IN THE F.RST PLACE!



One bright fall day, Fire Chief Cicero Pig, in uniform and helmet, strode out to Petunia Pig's garage which doubled as Fire Station House Number Thirteen.

Suddenly, from inside the station house, came the sound of the fire alarm bell.

Rushing into the station house, Chief Cicero turned off the jangling alarm of an old clock, which he had set earlier that morning. Then, leaping into his small, bright red fire truck, he went clanging off down the street to his make believe fire.

Along the fifteen hundred block, and then down the sixteen hundred block, he sped. As he reached the seventeen hundred block, he stopped and stared. "Gee!" he cried. "There really IS a fire!"

Flames were leaping high in Elmer Fudd's yard, and smoke filled the air!

"Wow!" exclaimed the little fire Chief, as he raced toward the scene. Then, *"Phooey!"* he said, disappointed. "It's only a bonfire!" But, as Cicero sat watching it, the wind whipped across the yard, scattering sparks as it went.

"Golly!" cried the little Chief. "That Elmer is sure careless!"

The little red fire truck shot forward, whizzing down the street and around to Elmer's back yard. But Elmer was nowhere in sight.

"Elmer!" cried Cicero, running toward the open back door.

"Just a minute, Cicero!" called Elmer from inside the house. "I'm on the phone!"

Cicero stopped and glanced back toward the bonfire. Sparks were still flying.

"I'd better put it out," he thought. "There's no time to lose! Lucky the garden hose is connected."

Quickly, Cicero turned the water on full force. SWOOSH! Out it gushed, as the hose waved wildly about in the air. And in a moment, both Cicero, and the fire were thoroughly soaked.

"Yiii!" screamed the little fire Chief as he fought desperately to conquer the active hose.

At that moment, Elmer rushed through the door, and SPLAP! a stream of water caught him full in the chest, sent him sprawling off the porch and right under the faucet!

"Gwacious!" said Elmer to the embarrassed and very drippy little fire Chief, after the deluge was over, "when YOU douse a fire, you weally douse it!"

"I'm sorry, Elmer," said Cicero, "for mak ing such a mess." But your bonfire was dangerous. You shouldn't burn leaves on a windy day."

"Wight, Chief!" agreed Elmer. "I'll wemember your advice. Weckon YOU learned a lesson, too. Hee, hee!"

"Right!" Cicero grinned sheepishly, as he climbed into his fire truck and pedalled off around the house.

The Chief was speeding down the street when, suddenly, rounding a corner, he ran right into another fire.

This time, it was Bugs Bunny who was burning the weeds around his underground home in a vacant lot. And the wind was giving him a bad time, too.

"Hey, Chief!" he yelled at Cicero. "Run over to Porky's and phone the fire department. This fire's gettin' out of control."

"Okay!" answered Cicero. And to make better time, he sped to Porky's on foot.

Porky was not home, so Cicero leaped over the hedge and banged on Mrs. Pennybaker's door. She was out, too. At that, he tore down the street to the real fire station four blocks away.

Pete and Joe, Cicero's two special firemen friends, looked up as Cicero dashed in.

"Good gosh!" yelled Joe, eyeing Cicero's wet uniform. "What have you been doing, Chief? Swimming?"

"Putting-out-a fire," panted Cicero. "But there's another one! Come quick! It's out of control!"

"Oh, sure!" said Joe skeptically. "Like the two incinerator fires you reported last week. Remember?"

"But that was a mistake," wailed Cicero. "This time I SAW the fire."

"HA!" said Pete.

"Please," begged Cicero, almost in tears. "You've just GOT to believe me. Bugs Bunny was burning weeds, and the wind carried sparks and started little spot fires! Bugs doesn't have a hose, and if you don't hurry and help him, the house at the end of the lot might burn up, too!"

"Okay!" said Joe. "We'll take a look. But, if this is another false report, into the clink you go." And grabbing Cicero, he tossed him up to the seat of the fire truck. "To have you handy in case," he added.

Seated proudly beside Joe, the little fire Chief was not one bit worried about going to jail. "Guess I know a REAL fire when I see one," he thought, as the big truck rumbled down the street.

But a few minutes later, Cicero was quaking in his fire boots. For, as they stopped in front of the vacant lot, there was no sign of a fire, or Bugs, either . . . just the blackened ground where the fire had been.

"Well," said Joe to Cicero. "It's the clink for you!"

Cicero did not answer. He was busily sniffing the air. "Hey!" he cried. "I smell something burning! Not weeds, but RAGS!"

"Oh, NO!" yelled Joe. "Not again!"

"Yes, he does!" cried Pete. "Look!" and he pointed to a wispy little coil of smoke rising out of the entrance to Bugs's home.

Without another word, Pete and Joe leaped into action. The little fire Chief jumped up and down, wringing his hands. "Hurry! Hurry!" he screamed. "Bugs's house is burning up!"

After a short but exciting fight, the charred and water-soaked blankets off Bugs's bed were lying on the ground.

"A spark from Bugs's brush fire must have dropped down on his bed," said Pete. "And the careless fool took off without checking his house."

"He and Elmer Fudd are BOTH fools," chimed in the little fire Chief, "for starting fires on a windy day."

"You said it!" exclaimed Pete.

"Yeah!" agreed Joe. "And it looks like I owe you an apology, Chief." He patted Cicero's shoulder. "Sorry, kid. You did okay today."

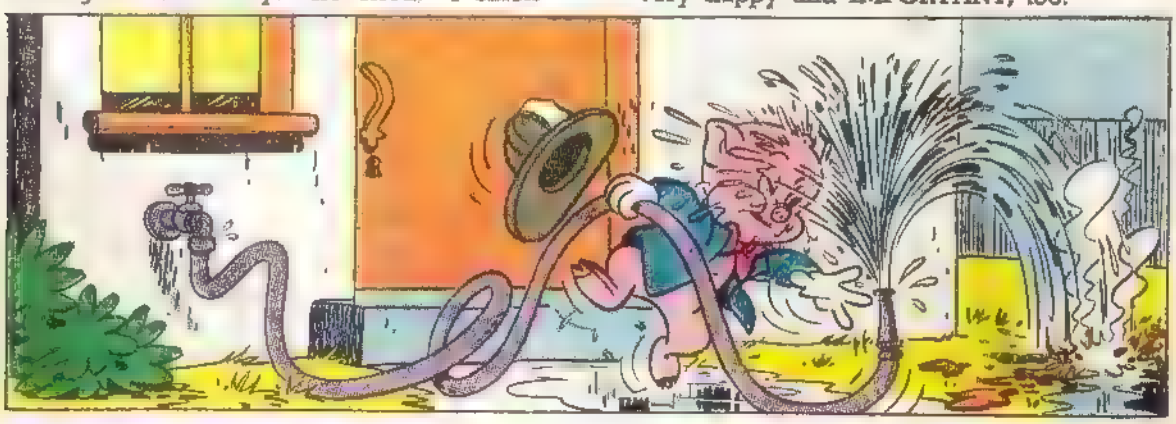
"You sure did," said Pete. "But you'd better get out of that wet uniform. Or you might be burning up next — with fever!"

"That's right," agreed Joe. "And without our best fire spotter, the department would be sunk."

Cicero beamed. "Guess I am a pretty big help," he said. "Well, s'long. See you tomorrow."

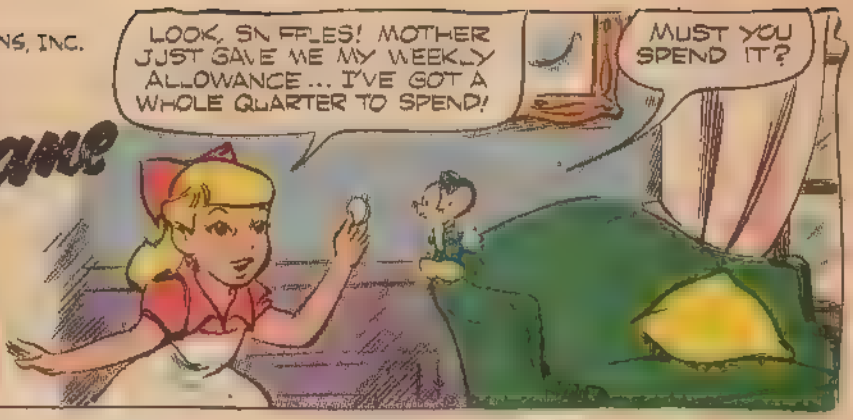
Pete and Joe groaned.

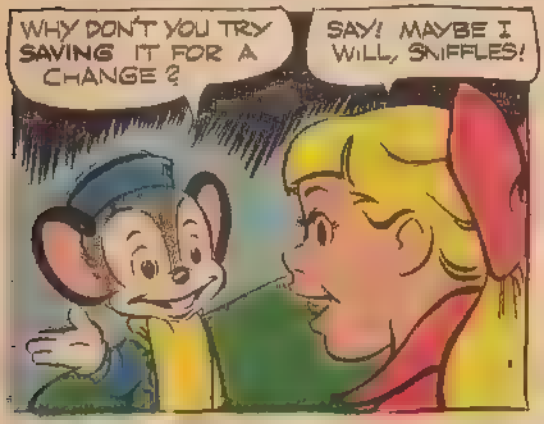
But the little fire Chief did not hear them. He was pedaling furiously down the street toward Station House Number Thirteen, feeling very wet, very tired, very hungry, but very happy and IMPORTANT, too.

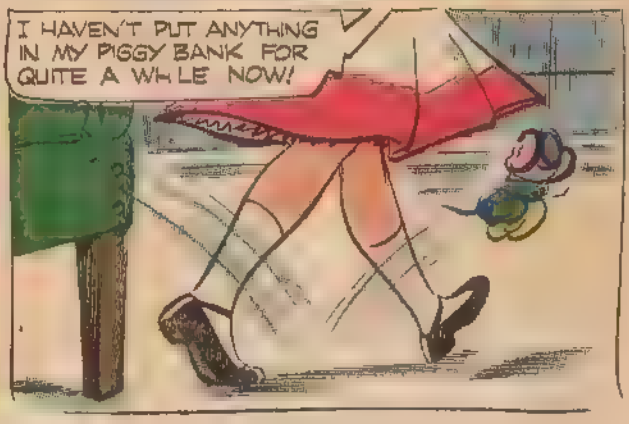


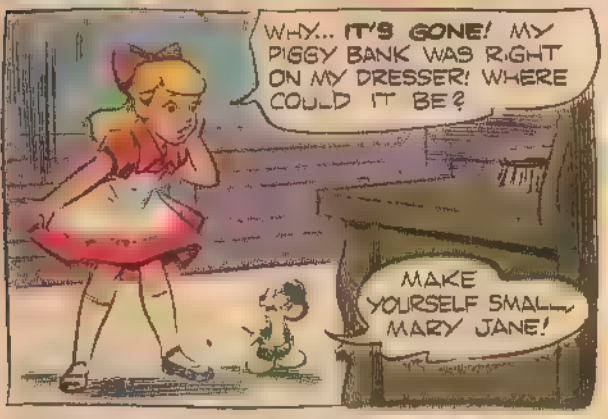
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
Present

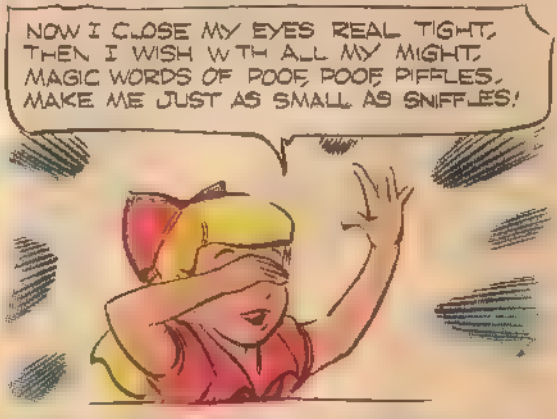
Mary Jane and SNIFFLES

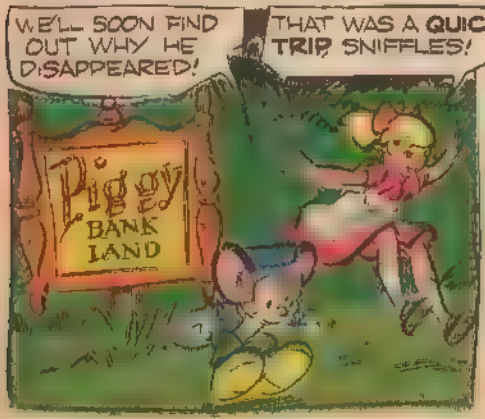


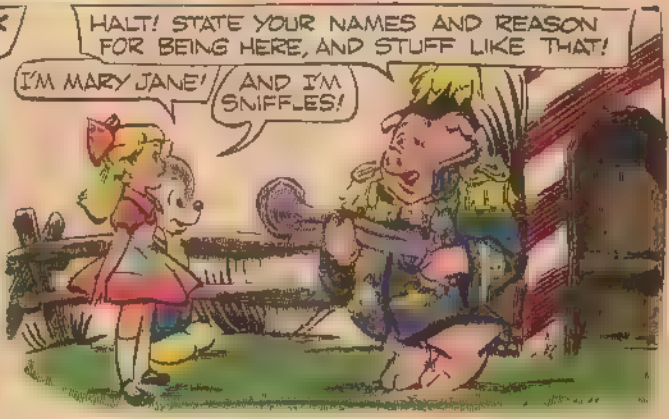






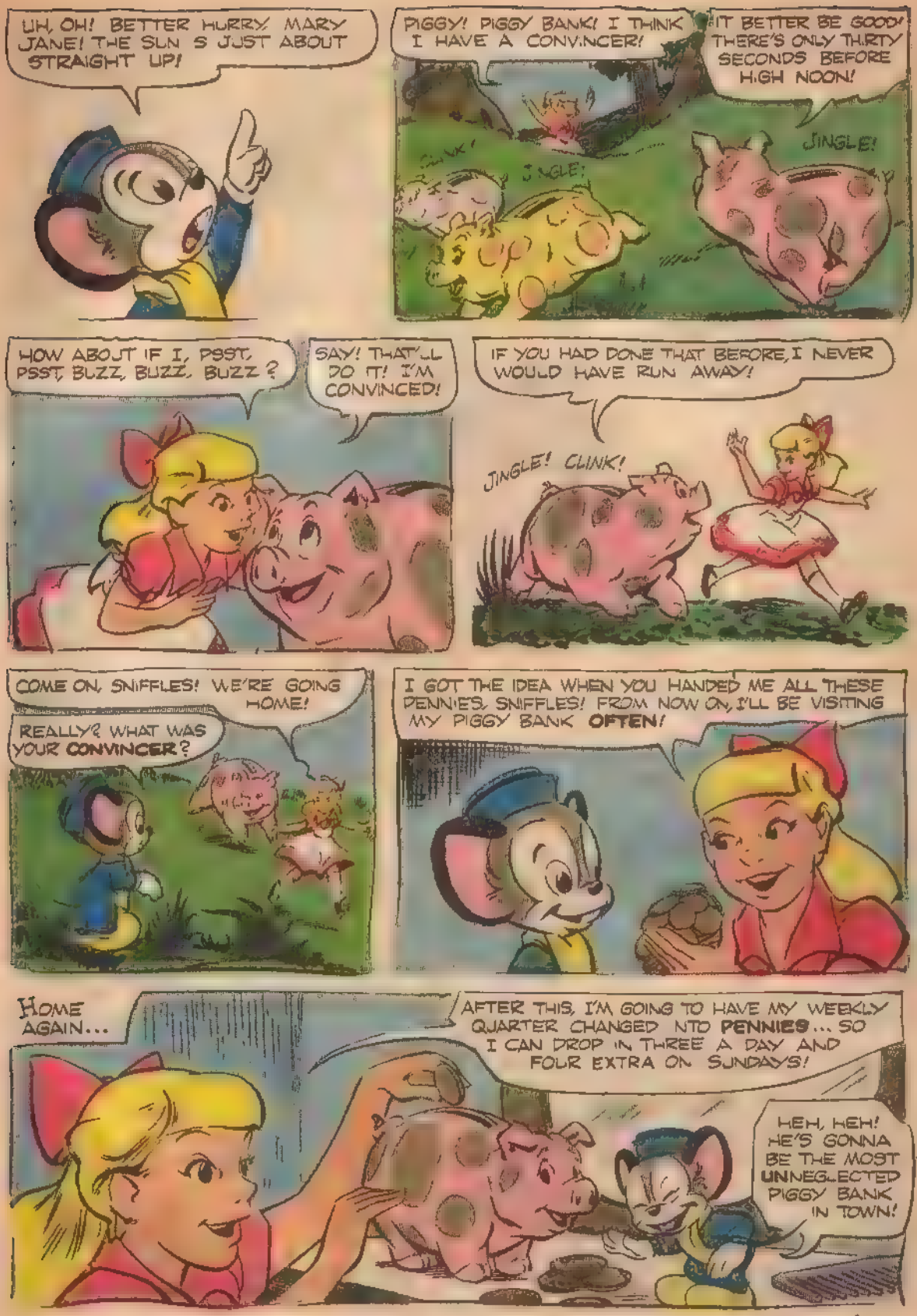

NOW I CLOSE MY EYES REAL TIGHT, THEN I WISH WITH ALL MY MIGHT, MAGIC WORDS OF POOF, POOF, PIFFLES, MAKE ME JUST AS SMALL AS SNIFFLES!





AND THE REASON WE'RE HERE IS BECAUSE MY PIGGY BANK RAN AWAY... FOR NO REASON!
ALL PIGGY BANKS THAT RUN AWAY HAVE A REASON...THEY FEEL NEGLECTED!
OH, MINE COULDN'T HAVE LEFT FOR THAT REASON...
WHY, I PUT CHANGE INTO HIM AT LEAST ONCE A MONTH!
ONLY ONCE A MONTH?! HRUMPH! A SERIOUS CASE OF NEGLECT IF I EVER HEARD ONE!
LOOK! ISN'T THAT YOUR PIGGY BANK, MARY JANE?
YES! COME ON! LET'S TRY TO TALK HIM INTO COMING BACK!
CLINK!
CLINK!
AFTER ALL, HE DOES HAVE QUITE A BIT OF MY MONEY INSIDE HIM! IT'S ONLY RIGHT I SHOULD GET IT BACK!
CLINK!
CLANK!
WON'T YOU PLEASE COME BACK, LITTLE PIGGY? I PROMISE NOT TO NEGLECT YOU!
I'M STAYING HERE!
JUST SAYING YOU WON'T NEGLECT ME IS NOT ENOUGH!
YOU HAVE TO THINK OF A WAY TO CONVINCE ME THAT YOU WON'T NEGLECT ME!
I'M SURE WE CAN DO THAT!

DON'T BE TOO SURE! YOU HAVE TO CONVINCE ME BEFORE THE SUN IS STRAIGHT UP!
CLINK! JINGLE!
JANG!
THE SUN WILL BE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SKY IN A FEW MINUTES, MARY JANE!
GOODNESS! HE DRIVES A HARD BARGAIN!
CAN YOU THINK OF A CONVINCER, SNIFFLES?
I'M TRYING, BUT SO FAR... NOTHING!
OH, DEAR! I'M AFRAID THIS IS HOPELESS!
TRY THIS WISHING WELL! MAYBE IT WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWER!
WISHING WELL
1¢
BUT I ONLY HAVE THIS QUARTER! I DON'T WANT TO DROP IT IN!
DROP IT! I'LL FISH OUT TWENTY-FOUR CENTS CHANGE!
I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY I COULD CONVINCE MY PIGGY BANK THAT I WON'T NEGLECT HIM!
HERE'S YOUR TWENTY-FOUR PENNIES, MARY JANE! DID YOU GET YOUR WISH?
I JUST GOT AN IDEA, SNIFFLES!
I'LL RUN OVER AND SEE IF IT WORKS!
I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED!


UH, OH! BETTER HURRY, MARY JANE! THE SUN S JUST ABOUT STRAIGHT UP!
PIGGY! PIGGY BANK! I THINK I HAVE A CONVINCER!
IT BETTER BE GOOD! THERE'S ONLY THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE HIGH NOON!
CLINK!
JINGLE!
JINGLE!
HOW ABOUT IF I, PSST, PSST, BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ?
SAY! THAT'LL DO IT! I'M CONVINCED!
IF YOU HAD DONE THAT BEFORE, I NEVER WOULD HAVE RUN AWAY!
JINGLE! CLINK!
COME ON, SNIFFLES! WE'RE GOING HOME!
REALLY? WHAT WAS YOUR CONVINCER?
I GOT THE IDEA WHEN YOU HANDED ME ALL THESE PENNIES, SNIFFLES! FROM NOW ON, I'LL BE VISITING MY PIGGY BANK OFTEN!
HOME AGAIN...
AFTER THIS, I'M GOING TO HAVE MY WEEKLY QUARTER CHANGED INTO PENNIES... SO I CAN DROP IN THREE A DAY AND FOUR EXTRA ON SUNDAYS!
HEH, HEH! HE'S GONNA BE THE MOST UNNEGLECTED PIGGY BANK IN TOWN!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
Present
TWEETY
and
Sylvester
OOH! THERE'S A GWEAT B'IG EGG ON THE BEACH!
IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF THAT SEA GULL'S NEST UP THERE! IT'S MY DUTY TO WETURN IT!
OH, DEAR!...THE MAMMA SEA GULL ISN'T HERE TO SIT ON THE EGG!
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO KEEP IT WARM UNTIL THE MAMMA SEA GULL WETURNS!
BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT, SOMEONE IS SLOWLY CLIMBING UP, AND UP...
I HOPE THERE'S AN EGG IN THAT NEST... I'M SURE HUNGRY FOR A DELICIOUS EGG OMELET!
AH! THERE IS AN EGG! AND I GOT IT!
OOH! I TOUGHT I TAW A PUDDY TAT!
SUFFERIN' SUCCOTASH! A TALKING EGG!

OOF!
WHAP
I DID TAW A PUDDY TAT!
TWEETY BIRD! WHAT IN TARNATION ARE YOU DOING IN A SEA GULL'S NEST?
KEEPING THE EGG WARM!
WELL, KEEP OUT OF MY WAY... I'M HAV NG THAT EGG FOR LUNCH!
WHEW! THIS IS WORKING UP AN APPETITE THE HARD WAY!
YOW!
BEING A BIRD MYSELF, IT'S MY DUTY TO PWOTECT THIS EGG FWOM THAT NAUGHTY PUDDY TAT!
HEY! COME BACK HERE WITH MY LUNCH!
HEH, HEH... THERE'S THE EGG! HE THOUGHT HE COULD HIDE IT FROM ME IN THE WATER!

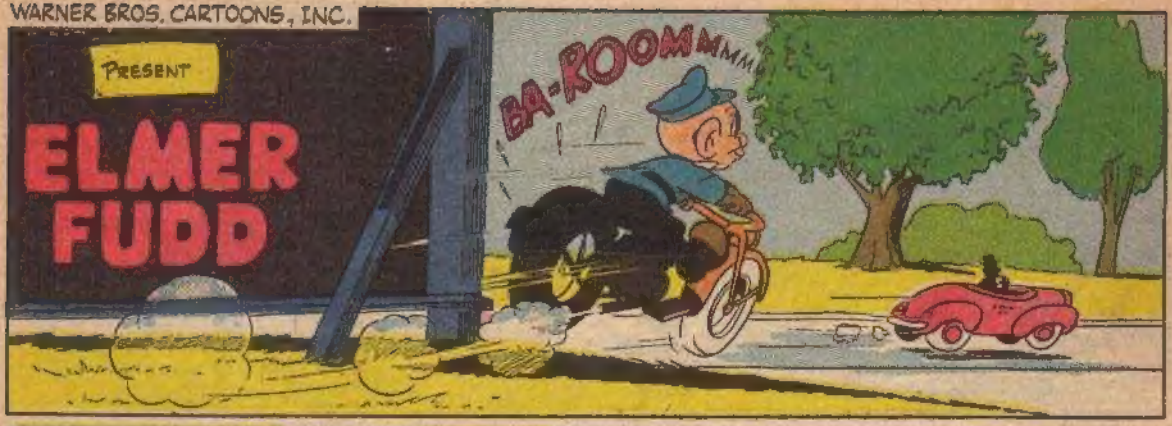
TWEETY BIRD DOESN'T KNOW I CAN SPOT AN EGG A MILE OFF!
(GULP!) IT'S AN OCTOPUS!
ER...AH...IT'S BEEN NICE MEETING YOU, OLD MAN... ER... BUT I REALLY MUST BE GOING NOW!
BLEEP!
YEOWww!
OOH! A FLYING PUDDY TAT!
BONK!
OOH! TWEETY BIRD BETTER SCWAM!
HEH, HEH! NOW I'VE GOT BOTH YOU AND THE EGG!

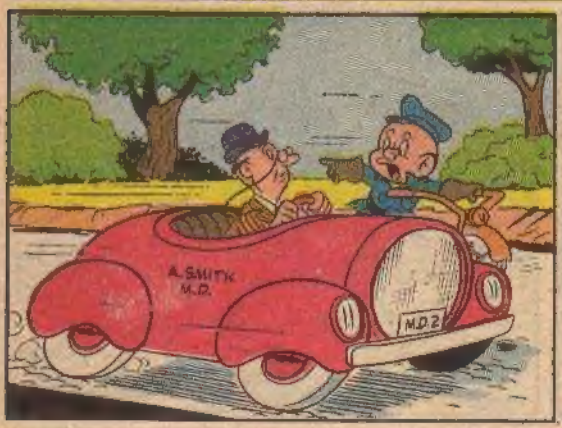
AND I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE YOU FOR AN APPETIZER BEFORE I HAVE MY EGG OMELET!
HOW TASTY YOU WILL BE!
UNHAND MY MAMMA, YOU BIG BRUTE!
IT WAS A TURTLE EGG!
I WILL SAVE YOU, MAMMA!
OUCH!
YOOOW!
THERE! THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM, MAMMA!
ER... I'M NOT YOUR WEAL MAMMA, LITTLE TURTLE!
THIS LOOKS LIKE YOUR MAMMA COMING NOW!
OH?
'BYE, 'BYE, LITTLE TURTLE!
'BYE, 'BYE!
I'M SO TOUCHED... THAT'S THE FIRST TIME (SNIFF!) ANYONE CALLED ME MAMMA!

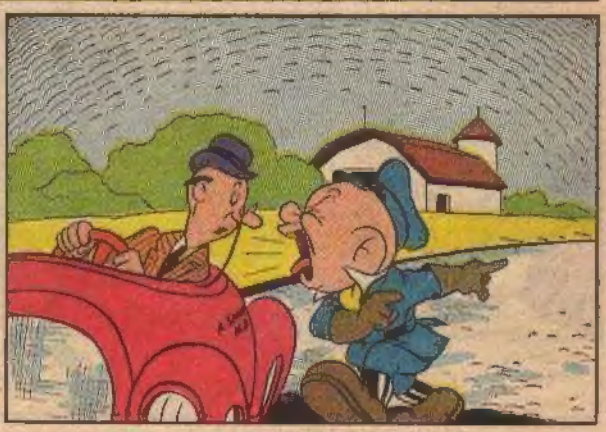
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

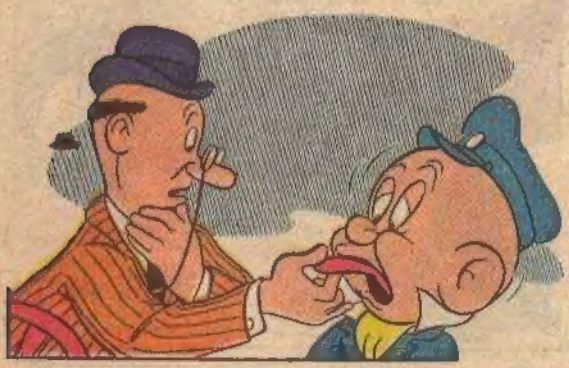
PRESENT

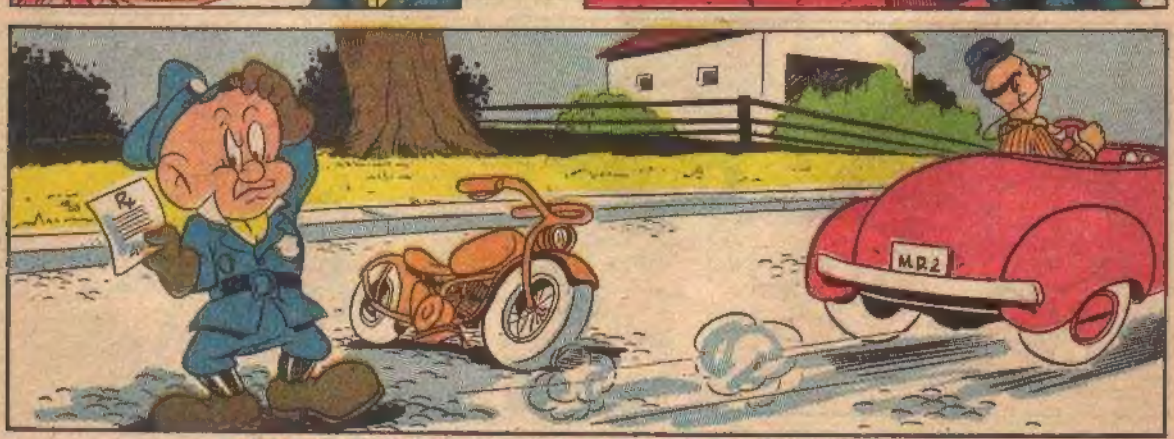
ELMER FUDD











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